Enter Queene, Lord Riuers and Gray.

Ri. Haue patience Madame, thers no dout his maieſtie,
Will ſoone recouer his accouſtomed health.
Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worſe,
Therefore for Gods ſake entertaine good comfort,
And cheare his grace with quicke and merry words.
Qu. If he were dead, what would betide of me;
Ri. No other harme but loſſe of ſuch a Lord.
Qu. The loſſe of ſuch a Lord includes all harme.
Gray. The heauens haue bleſt you with a goodly ſonne,
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Qu. Oh he is yong, and his minoritie
Is put vnto the truſt of Rich. Gloceſter,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.
Ri. Is it concluded he ſhall be Protector?
Qu. It is determined, not concluded yet,
But ſo it muſt be if the king miſcarrie. *Enter Buck. Darby.*
Gr. Here comes the Lords of *Buckingham* and *Darby*.
Buc. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.
Dar. God make your maieſtie ioyfull as you haue bene.
Qu. The Counteſſe Richmond good my Lo. of Darby
To your good praiers will ſcarcely ſay, *Amen*:
Yet Darby, not withſtanding ſhees your wife,
And loues not me, be you good Lord aſſured
I hate not you for hir proud arrogancie.
Dar. I beſeech you either not beleeue
The enuious ſlaunders of hir accuſers,
Or if ſhe be accuſde in true report.
Beare with her weakneſſe, which I thinke proceeds
From way ward ſickneſſe, and no grounded malice.
Ri. Saw you the king to day my Lord of Darbie?
Dar. But now the Duke of *Buckingham* and *I*,
Came from viſiting his maieſtie.
Qu. What likelihood of his amendment Lords?
Buc. Madame, good hope, his grace ſpeakes chearfully.
Qu. God graunt him health, did you confer with him?
Buc. Madame we did: He deſires make attonement:
Betwixt the Duke of *Gloceſter* and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my Lord Chamberlaine,

And

And ſent to warne them to his royall preſence.
Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer be,
I feare our happineſſe is at the heigheſt. *Enter Gloceſter.*
Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not indure it.
Who are they that complaines vnto the king?
That I forſooth am ſterne and loue them not:
By holy *Paul* they loue his grace but lightly
That fill his eares with ſuch diſſentious rumors:
Becauſe I cannot flatter and ſpeake faire,
Smile in mens faces, ſmooth, deceiue, and cog,
Ducke with French nods, and apiſh courteſie,
I muſt be held a rankerous enemie.
Cannot a plaine man liue and thinke no harme,
But thus his ſimple truth muſt be abuſde,
By ſilken ſlie inſinuating Iackes?
Ri. To whom in all this preſence ſpeakes your grace?
Glo. To thee, that haſt not honeſtie nor grace.
When haue I iniured thee, whē done thee wrong,
Or thee, or thee, or any of your faction?
A plague vpon you all. His royall perſon
(Whom *God* preſerue better then you wold wiſh)
Cannot be quiet ſcarce a breathing while,
But you muſt trouble him with lewd complaints.
Qu. Brother of Gloceſter, you miſtake the mat-
The king of his owne royall diſpoſition, (ter:
And not prouokt by any ſuter elſe,
Ayming belike at your interiour hatred,
Which in your outward actions ſhewes it ſelfe,
Againſt my kinred, brother, and my ſelfe:
Makes him to ſend, that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill will, and to remoue it.
Glo. I cannot tell, the world is growne ſo bad.
That Wrens may prey where Eagles dare not pearch,
Since euerie Iacke became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle perſon made a Iacke.
Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning brother Glo.
You enuie mine aduancement and my friends,
God grant we neuer may, haue need of you.
Glo. Meane time, God grant that we haue need of you,

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